VOL. II. LITERARY TABLET. No. IX.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

For the LITERARY TABLET.

Difference between Theory and Practice.

IN ordinary concerns, moſt perſons have good theories. How generally, people conſider economy eſſential to good living. They reaſon with great propriety reſpecting its advantages; which they can particularly enumerate. They know what is neceſſary to conſtitute an economiſt; and are ſenſible, that, if perſons were more induſtrious and frugal, poverty and miſery would abound infinitely leſs than they do at preſent. But through the influence of a *ſlothful diſpoſition*, theſe very men and women, who have ſo clear an underſtanding of this ſubject and its importance, waſte more every day than would ſupport their families.

Young ladies and gentlemen often ſpeculate very rationally concerning the intereſting and ſolemn connection of matrimony. They reſolve, that real merit alone, ſhall determine them in the choice of partners for life; that, in this momentous affair, they *will not* yield to the wild ſuggeſtions of imagination, or the more pleaſing dreams of brilliant fancy. But were we to form an opinion from their general practice, we ſhould conclude, they had given themſelves up to the ſole guidance of fancy.

That young people ought to be wholly inſenſible to the charms of beauty, or totally to diſregard elegant and polite accompliſhments, are ſentiments, the writer would, by no means, advocate. Handſome features and eaſy addreſs muſt, in the view of all, appear very deſirable qualities. But to make theſe the *criterion* of choice, argues folly and weakneſs in the extreme.

Parents know, they ought ſeaſonably to correct their children, before vicious habits become confirmed; that the neglect of this duty will exceedingly injure ſociety; and will prove the preſent, if not the eternal ruin of their offſpring. What a dreadful curſe thoſe parents are to community, who bring into it, by their unfaithfulneſs, thieves, robbers, murderers, and the perpetrators of all other villainous, horrid crimes! Unleſs children are properly reſtrained, governed and educated, there is no reaſon to expect any thing better from them, than ſuch flagrant acts of wickedneſs. Notwithſtanding parents believe all this, yet, from a *cruel* fondneſs, they bring them up in ignorance and idleneſs, and indulge them in diſobedience and ſtubbornneſs, until they are loſt, *forever loſt* beyond the hope of recovery.

The moſt profligate characters frequently underſtand the nature of moral obligation; and, from the principles of it, can deduce regular and well conſtructed ſyſtems for the conduct of mankind. Drunkards, gamblers, ſeducers and all other abandoned wretches may have as clear perceptions of the evils, accruing from their practices, as the moſt virtuous men have. Multitudes of thoſe, who believe the exiſtence of God, the immortality of the ſoul, the perpetuity of future puniſhments, and a day of final retribution, in which they ſhall be judged 'according to their works;' live in the conſtant and allowed neglect of thoſe duties, God has expreſsly enjoined; and in the daily gratification of thoſe diſpoſitions, which, if not repented of, will land them in everlaſting deſpair. Solemn thought! How great muſt be the ſtrength of depravity in the heart, to lead perſons directly counter to all this light and conviction!

Theſe, and all conceivable inſtances, in which theory and practice do not harmonize, evince, that men are governed, not by their underſtanding, but their taſtes or inclinations.—Are perſons led aſtray by hurtful and vicious paſſions; then thoſe ſcenes, which tend to excite ſuch, are to be avoided as being dangerous and fatal.

If youth are liable to appreciate ſuperficial accompliſhments too highly; then thoſe faſhionable amuſements, in which ſuch only, are brought into view, muſt have a very pernicious tendency. Several other weighty inferences, the reader will draw, with much *ſelf-application*.

DISCOS TANTALOS.

The exiſtence of GOD, *proved from divine revelation.*

THE virtuous character and exemplary conduct of my friend * Laertus, was a uſeful leſſon of moral inſtruction. He not only ſpake of religion and verbally profeſſed to be a chriſtian, but he lived a life of circumſpection, charity and devotion. The bible was to him a treaſure incomparably valuable. He peruſed its ſacred pages with great attention, ſerioufneſs and pleaſure. He would often extol the divine excellency of that divine book. One evening, while reading this holy volume, he received a viſit from the atheiſtical ſtranger, with whom he held the late conference on the *being of a God*. The ſtranger ſtill preſerved his uncouth and unmannerly addreſs, but was not altogether ſo rough, impudent and imperious, as at the former interview. "Well," ſays he to Laertus, "poring over the bible then! You ſeem not only to have a God, but to think you have ſomething of his ſpecial communication.

Laertus. I do. I believe in a God; and I as firmly believe in his holy word. I revere it as a light that makes manifeſt the truth, and diſcovers the path that conducts to heaven.

Stranger. The remarks you made the other day have ſomewhat darkened my notions, reſpecting the exiſtence of a firſt and intelligent cauſe. I confeſs, I cannot now fully and ſatisfactorily perſuade myſelf that there is *no God in the univerſe*. I ſhould be glad to converſe ſome further on the ſubject. Have you any other arguments to evidence the reality of a Supreme Being?

Laer. I have. The arguments that have been advanced, were deduced from nature, that is, from the creation, ſuſtentation and ſuperintendance of things. But there is another ſource, furniſhing concluſive proof of an *eternal Wiſdom and Power*. There is another pillar on which is inſcribed the *Being and Character of* GOD. The bible is the teſtimony to which I have reference. The bible moſt clearly evinces that its aſſumed Author *is*, and that he is *divine*.

Stran. This is, in effect, taking for granted the very thing diſputed. For to concede that the bible is *hiſtorically* true, is to concede that a God exiſts. But, Sir, the reality of a God muſt be proved, not by *declaration, or round aſſertion*, but by *argument*.

Laer. You miſtake my intention. I acknowledge it would be as puerile to attempt to prove the Divine Exiſtence from the *declarations* of ſcripture, as it would be to prove that a man can *ſpeak*, becauſe he continually *ſays* he can. My propoſition was ſummarily this: The *very exiſtence* of the bible evidences the *exiſtence* of God. To illuſtrate this truth, I would obſerve, 1ſt. The *plan* of the bible teſtifies to the divinity of its author. It differs from all other pretended revelations or ſyſtems of religion. Read the Koran, and the Veda, and you will diſcern *the marks of human ſagacity and contriv*[illegible] You will perceive the fabricators of theſe [illegible]tems to have adopted ſuch a plan as the j[illegible]ment of man would dictate under exiſting [illegible]cumſtances. It *ſeems* rational to us, th[illegible] revelation from God ſhould conſiſt in a dec[illegible]ration of truths and a preſcription of duties ſyſtematically arranged. If impoſtors have not adhered completely to ſuch a plan, the reaſon appears to have been, their want of capability to execute it, or the unpreparedneſs of mankind for its reception. The bible, although it contains a finiſhed ſyſtem of doctrines and moral precepts, is widely different, *in its plan*, from a ſyſtematical code. It is a moſt happy and inſtructive compound of Hiſtory, Biography, Precept and Prediction. It gives a conciſe and beautiful account of the ſtupendous work of creation, incomparably more rational and ſublime, than all the laboured hypotheſes of coſmogony Theoriſts. It deſcribes the moral character of the firſt man, and accounts moſt ſatisfactorily for the introduction of moral evil. It gives a ſuccinct hiſtory of God's diſpenſations to mankind, his ſelected people, and his church for the ſpace of more than four thouſand years. And it contains a prophecy of the moſt remarkable events that are to affect mankind and the chriſtian church till the end of time. Such is the *plan* of the bible. And let me aſk, would it not tranſcend the ſtrongeſt and moſt judicious efforts of human geniuſes,

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* *The reader will readily perceive that this is connected with a dialogue on the exiſtence of God, in Nos. IV. & V.*

to conceive and execute it? The several parts of the bible were written by different men, in different ages of the world; and the plan is preſerved, ONE, and *conſiſtent*. It muſt therefore be the production of an author who is *one*, and ſupremely wiſe. If ſo, there is one ſupremely wiſe GOD.

(To be continued.)

———— *Vitanda eſt improba Siren*
Deſidia. HORACE.

THE moſt jocund poet of antiquity, in his *admirable* dialogue with Damaſippus, the Stoic, has given us this *admirable* maxim, which ought to be "graven deep in the heart" of every ſcholar emulous of literary fame;—a maxim worthy of inſcription in letters of gold.—Idleneſs is aptly compared to a dangerous Siren, whoſe embraces we are warned to ſhun, as the ſnares of death.

The Sirens, according to the ancient poets, were the progeny of the river Achelaus and Calliope, the Muſe; and are repreſented as monſters, with the faces of beautiful females. Beauty dwelt in every feature, and their 'grata protervitas,' their 'vultus nimium lubricus aſpici' were ſufficiently powerful to ſtrike with irreſiſtible force the *fancy*, and melt in ecſtacy the cold *indifference* of an icy Stoic. Their muſic, ſoft as the gentle whiſpers of the zephyr, and ſweet as the ſmiles of morning, added to ſuperlative beauty, beguiled the unwary traveller from his courſe, and whelmed him in the vortex of deſtruction. Enticed by meretricious arts, by the faſcinating allurement of a 'turn in hither,' and lulled by the warbling melody [illegible] long, the enraptured liſtener became a victim to the indulgence of curioſity, and a fooliſh deſire to tread the giddy rounds of diſſipation. But Ulyſſes, forewarned by Circe of the ſeductive ſweetneſs of their voice, by ſtopping the ears of his companions with wax, and binding himſelf to his maſt, was ſo fortunate as to eſcape, but with great difficulty, from their murderous muſic. When beauty and melody, both powerful in themſelves, are united, they become ſtill more attractive; and it requires Ulyſſean wiſdom to reſiſt the temptation.—Idleneſs is a dangerous Siren, captivating the 'flow of underſtanding' with the deluſive hope of exquiſite pleaſure, and decoying but to deſtroy. Her arts are ſeductive, her eloquence more powerful than the thunder of Demoſthenes, and her muſic more bland than the fineſt ſtrains of Orpheus. In her right hand ſhe proffers peace, plenty, and happineſs, but in her left, are concealed diſeaſe, and want, and miſery, and death. The avowed enemy of induſtry, ſcience, and well-earned fame, ſhe entices every youth in the language of effeminacy and voluptuouſneſs, to join her ſtandard; and nothing but the wiſdom and virtue of aged experience can eſcape her wiles. He, that would arrive at eminence, muſt reject her overtures with diſdain. Let him yield but once to her entreaties, and he is loſt forever. By a ſcholar this maxim ought to be conſidered as the voice of inſpiration. It ſpeaks the bold language of truth, and ought to be repeated, until it has acquired the currency of a proverb. Induſtry is as neceſſary to a ſcholar, as blood to the animal ſyſtem; but idleneſs blights and cankers the faireſt germs of genius. It is a mortal poiſon, which, like the fabled Upas, deſtroys the vital principle in every thing expoſed to its baneful influence. 'Our days are few and full of trouble;' why, then, does the mental ſluggard ſuffer them to glide imperceptibly by, without *improving* them for any purpoſe, except complaining of the brevity of life, and ſatisfying the demands of nature?—Induſtry is the parent of happineſs, idleneſs the conſort of miſery. But this induſtry to obtain its end muſt become habitual. The greateſt works have been accompliſhed by ſlow and gradual improvement; they are not the offſpring of idleneſs, ſpringing into exiſtence, like a muſhroom, in a night. The perſeverance, which I inculcate, is a continual exerciſe of the faculties, which expand as they are exerciſed; an aſſiduous intellectual labor; a combination of many means to obtain one end. It is a ſtudy invigorated by meditation. A ſcholar ſhould never remit his aſſiduity. Engaged in the arduous, yet pleaſing walks of literature, he ſhould never ſink into ſoft ſlumbers in the arms of ſloth, nor ſuffer himſelf to be bound with the ſilken cords of luxury; he ſhould omit no pains, nor eagerneſs of reſearch to obtain whatever is rare and precious from the 'cabinet of genius'; he ſhould peruſe with indefatigable zeal, with the ardor of devotion, the works of thoſe great maſters, which are correct in their deſign, as well as brilliant in their colours. He ſhould conſider, that his duty to his relatives, his friends, his country, and his God requires him to labor induſtriouſly 'in the vocation to which he is called'; that ſhould he ever become ſo forgetful of his duty to ſociety and himſelf, as to ſink into a mental torpor, and abandon every object worthy of purſuit, he will live a curſe to ſociety, and die, unlamented by his friends, unknown by his country, and unprepared to meet his righteous Judge.

T. TANDEM.

SELECTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

A WINTER PIECE.

BEHOLD, my ſon; ſays the inſtructive Ruſticus; how the lately gay creation, diveſted of half its charms, proclaims old Winter's ſurly reign! The verdant carpet, grateful to the eye, with the flowery tenants of yon bleak vale, pleaſe no longer with their varied hues.—The balmy zephyr fans no more the humble waving ſhrubs; ſtripped of their green veſts, ſtand the tall murmuring trees, and fright the plumy tribe to more temperate climes—Stern Boreas whiſtles o'er the frozen plains.—The lately purling rills, now bound in icy bands, ceaſe their merry bubblings. Phœbus beſtows an oblique and feeble ray, and lowering clouds o'erſpread the frigid ſkies—while froſt and hail, and flaky ſnows, ſucceſſively deſcend, and ſilver o'er the ground.

Such, my Erneſto, are the variations of human life.—Nature's carmine teint, that once flouſhed in your aged ſire's cheek—the health that ſparkled in theſe eyes—the purple current that ſwelled theſe veins, and poured with rapidity through its various conduits—this voice, ſoft and muſical—the curling ringlets that flowed down theſe ſhoulders—the vigor of this frame and the vivacity of this diſpoſition, the undermining hand of time hath brought to this appearance—and now in their place, behold my furrowed cheek—pale viſage—unbraced nerves—feeble, cracky joints—hear the unpleaſant ſound of this age-broken voice—ſee theſe ſilver locks, whitened by the winter of age, and learn the leſſon of mortality.——Soon, my Erneſto, muſt I bid adieu to the varied ſcenes of this ſhattered world—perhaps another inclement ſeaſon will put a period to my ſhort pilgrimage! But I do not depricate the moment; no, my ſon, the ſpring and autumn of my days, were a happy preparatory to this bleak winter.—I ſhall die contented and joyful, knowing that my Redeemer liveth, and that he hath prepared a manſion for my immortal mind, where an eternal youth of unmixed felicity will be my portion.——O then, Erneſto, hear the inſtructions of an happy experience, and a comfortable old age. Let youth, the ſpring of your being, be ſown with the ſeeds of virtue—give your heart to your Maker, and ſupreme love to your Saviour. Let noble deeds diſtinguiſh this period of your exiſtence—then ſhall your days glide on with a ſmooth and ſhining current, and the winter of your life be ſolaced with reflections on your paſt conduct, and the heart-cheering anticipation of an happy immortality.—Though now blooming, gay, and vigorous, yet haſty-footed time will ſoon roll his chariot o'er your allotted ſpace; and you muſt go the way, the oft-trodden way, that your anceſtors have paſſed, and make one among the innumerable inhabitants of the duſt.

[*Thoſe readers of the Tablet, who are not acquainted with the impious conduct of the Roman Catholics, towards ſuch as are denominated Heretics, may not be wholly unintereſted in reading,*

The Popiſh form of Excommunication.

The Pope, being prepared for the ſolemnity, pronounces to thoſe who are to be anathematized, the enſuing curſes,]

DECLARATION.

"By the Authority of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt; and alſo of the holy Canons, and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, Mother and Patroneſs of our Saviour, and of all the celeſtial Virtues, Angels, Arch-angels, Thrones, Dominions, Powers, Cherubims, and Seraphims; and of the holy Patriarchs, Prophets, Apoſtles, Evangeliſts, and of all the holy Innocents, who in the Sight of the Holy Lamb are found worthy to ſing the new ſong of the holy Martyrs, holy Confeſſors, holy Virgins, and of all the Saints, together with all the Holy of God, we do hereby excommunicate and anathematize them as Malefactors.——And from the threſhold of the holy Church of God Almighty we ſequeſter, that they may be tormented, diſpoſed of, and delivered over with Dathan and

Abiram, and with thoſe that ſay unto the Lord God, Depart from us. And as the Fire is quenched with Water, ſo let the Light of them for evermore, unleſs it ſhall repent them to make Satisfaction. Amen."

After this Declaration the Curſes follow, which are repeated by the whole Aſſembly, then gathered together.

May the Father, who created Man, curſe them. May the Son, who ſuffered for us, curſe them. May the Holy Ghoſt, who was given to us in our Baptiſm, curſe them. May the holy Croſs, which Chriſt for our Salvation, triumphing over his Enemies, aſcended, curſe them. May the holy and eternal Virgin Mary, Mother of God, curſe them. May St. Michael, the Advocate of holy Souls, curſe them. May all the Angels and Archangels, Principalities and Powers, and all the heavenly Hoſts, curſe them. May St. John, the chief Forerunner of Chriſt, curſe them. May St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Andrew, and all other of Chrriſt's Apoſtles, together with the reſt of his Diſciples, and four Evangeliſts, who by their Preaching converted the whole univerſal World, curſe them. May the holy and wonderful Company of Martyrs and Confeſſors, who by their holy Works are found pleaſing to God Almighty, curſe them. May the holy Choir of the holy Virgins, who for the Honor of Chriſt have deſpiſed the Things of this World, curſe them. May all the Saints, who from the Beginning of the World to everlaſting Ages, are found to be beloved of God, curſe them.

May they be curſed whereſoever they be, whether in their Houſe, or the Field, or the Highway, or the Path, or in the Wood, or in the Water, or in the Church. May they be curſed in living, in dying, in eating, in drinking, in being hungry, in being thirſty, in faſting, in ſleeping, in ſlumbering, in waking, in walking, in ſtanding, in ſitting, and in Bloodletting.

May they be curſed in all the Faculties of their Body. May they be curſed from the Crown of their Head, to the Sole of their Feet, may there be no Soundneſs in them.

May the Son of the living God, with all the Glory of his Majeſty, curſe them, and may Heaven, with all their powers that move therein, riſe up againſt them, to damn them, unleſs they ſhall repent, to make Satisfaction. Amen.

THE FEMALE SOLDIER.

AN extraordinary inſtance of virtue in a female ſoldier, has occurred lately in the American army in the Maſſachuſetts line, viz. A lively, comely, young nymph, nineteen years of age, dreſſed in man's apparel, has been diſcovered; and what redounds to her honor, ſhe has ſerved in the character of a ſoldier for near three years, undiſcovered; during which time ſhe diſplayed herſelf with activity, alertneſs, chaſtity and valor, having been in ſeveral ſkirmiſhes with the enemy, and received two wounds; a ſmall ſhot remaining in her to this day. She was a remarkable vigilant ſoldier on her poſt, and always gained the applauſe and admiration of her officers; was never found in liquor, and always kept company with the moſt upright and temperate ſoldiers: for ſeveral months this gallantreſs ſerved with credit as a waiter in a General officer's family; a violent illneſs (when the troops were in Philadelphia) led to the diſcovery of her ſex; ſhe has ſince been honorably diſcharged from the army with a reward, and ſent to her connections, who, it appears, live at the Eaſtward, in the town of Medumcook. The cauſe of her perſonating a man, it is ſaid, proceeded from the rigor of her parents, who exerted their prerogative, to induce her marriage with a young man ſhe had conceived a great antipathy for, together with her being a remarkable heroine, and warmly attached to the cauſe of her country, in the ſervice of which, it muſt be acknowledged, ſhe gained reputation; and no doubt, will be noticed by the compilers of the hiſtory of our grand revolution. She paſſed by the name of Robert Shourtleiff, while in the army, and was borne on the rolls of the regiment as ſuch; for particular reaſons her real name is withheld, but the facts aforementioned are unqueſtionable and unembelliſhed. *Old paper.*

FARRAGO.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We ought to apologize for ſeveral typographical miſtakes in this number; and our only apology is, that an unavoidable avocation prevented the proof-ſheet's being ſufficiently corrected.

LASSAN's communication has reached us, and we find it, not abounding in the flowers of diction, but containing correct ſentiments, and ſuch as will deſerve the attention of our readers. Had the worthy writer tranſcribed this production, he would have omitted ſome repetitions, and, by condenſing a little, communicated as much inſtruction in ſmaller compaſs.

Old age always demands reſpect, and *Senex* is intitled, not only to *reſpect*, but to *our gratitude*. He will be peruſed with pleaſure, and we hope, with profit. We are happy to find *Laſſan* and *Senex* among our correſpondents, and would earneſtly requeſt a continuance of their literary favors.

Cincinnatus ſhall appear in No. XI.

R's piece is rejected. It is a complete medley of nonſenſe, and would not compare with the ſcribbling of a common ſchool-boy.

From appearances we are induced to believe that *Quiſquis* has followed the example of the Paddy, who being at a loſs how to ſpell a perſon's name, to whom he was writing, exclaimed, in a paſſion, "An faith, I'll put in the whole alphabet, and let him pick them out as he pleaſes."

Several other papers have been received, which we have not yet had time to inſpect.

FIRES.—On the 12th ult. the Academy in Royalton, (Ver.) was deſtroyed by fire. The houſe of widow Robb, of Acworth, was lately conſumed by fire, with all its contents, and her daughter, aged 15 years, burnt to death!

ORDAINED—At Liſbon, Con. Rev. Levi Nelſon.—At Middletown, Rev. Solomon Allen.—At Biddeford, Maine, Rev. John Turner.—At Glouceſter, Maſs. Rev. Ezra Leonard.

MARRIED,

In Germany, the celebrated dramatic writer, Kotzebue, to Mrs. Van Kerſell.

In Berkſhire, (Eng.) Mr. Joſeph Harlien, to Miſs Sally la Croix; the bridegroom was 85 years of age, the bride 83, and the two ladies who aſſociated as bridemaids above 70; ſix grand-daughters of the bridegroom ſtrewed flowers before the company in their way to and from the church, and, after dinner, four grandſons of the bride ſung a kind of *epithalamium*, compoſed by the clerk of the pariſh on the happy occaſion.

In Salem, Mr. Jaſper Pope, to Miſs Abigail Lander.—At Barnſtable, Mr. Samuel Dewey, formerly of this town, to Miſs Mercy Hallet—Mr. John Crocker, to Miſs Temperance Hallet.

At Plainfield, Mr. Lathrop Willes, of this town, to Miſs Triphene Tiſdale.

In this town, Mr. Edward Brown, to Miſs Lucy Ridley.

'Tis the kind hand of death unlocks the chain,
Which clogs the noble and aſpiring ſoul,
And then the chriſtian lives.

DIED,

In Canada, YT-YEN-TI FOHI, aged 102, a native of China, brought to America in early youth. He is ſaid to have deſcended from the race of the ancient Chineſe Emperors. He inſtituted in Canada, a ſociety by the name of "*Rouſſigouche*," in imitation of thoſe in his own country, ſeveral branches of which are now in exiſtence in the United States—their object to preſerve the curioſities of nature, &c. He came to his death by attempting to throw an iron ſpear, weighing 600 lb. at a mark, 20 feet off, which produced an hemorrhage. A branch of the ſociety at Salem, Maſs. are wearing crape in teſtimony of their reſpect for his memory.

In South-Carolina, Mr. John Robinſon, aged 81, a native of Virginia; left 10 children, 96 grand-children, and 47 great-grand-children.

In New-York, Mrs. Jane Le Portevine, aged 102, a native of France.

At Glouceſter, Rev. ELI FORBES, D. D.

In Lebanon, (N. H.) 26th Dec. Mr. Oliver White, aged 35. His death was occaſioned by the fall of a tree, which fractured his ſkull in ſuch a manner that he ſurvived but about 12 ho

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE TABLET.

FROM trivial actions oft offences ſpring;
From CRIMES *without a name*—
A ſtolen KISS—or ſome ſuch thing,
May cauſe the *loſer* pain.

To *treſpaſs* thus was once my fate,
And fain I'd *ſteal* again—
The pleaſure of the *theft* was great,
And trifling was the SIN.

Be careful *Oh! ye thoughtleſs few*,
Avoid the tempting SIN—
If once you STEAL, you'll find this true,
You'll wiſh to STEAL again.

RAPIATOR.

SELECTED POETRY.

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

By William Gifford, Eſq.

(Written when the Author was dangerouſly ſick.)

SWEET flowers! that from your humble beds
Thus prematurely dare to riſe,
And truſt your unprotected heads
To cold Aquarius' watry ſkies;

Retire, retire! THESE tepid airs
Are not the genial brood of May;
THAT ſun with light malignant glares,
And flatters only to betray.

Stern Winter's reign is not yet paſt—
[illegible] while your buds prepare to blow,
[illegible]icy pinions comes the blaſt,
And nips your root, and lays you low.

Alas, for ſuch ungentle doom!
But I will ſhield you; and ſupply
A kindlier ſoil on which to bloom,
A nobler bed on which to die.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your creſt,
And drawn your balmieſt ſweets away;
O come, and grace my ANNA's breaſt.

Ye droop, fond flowers! But, did ye know
What worth, what goodneſs there reſide,
Your cups with livelieſt tints would glow,
And ſpread their leaves with conſcious pride.

For there has liberal Nature join'd
Her riches to the ſtores of Art,
And added to the vigorous mind,
The ſoft, the ſympathizing heart.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your creſt,
And drawn your balmieſt ſweets away;
O come and grace my ANNA's breaſt.

O! I ſhould think,—that fragrant bed
Might I but hope with you to ſhare,—
Years of anxiety repaid,
By one ſhort hour of tranſport there.

More bleſt than me, thus ſhall [illegible]rrency
Your little day; and when
Sweet flowers! the grateful muſe ſhall give
A verſe; the ſorrowing maid, a ſigh.

While I alas! no diſtant date,
Mix with the duſt from whence I came,
Without a friend to weep my fate,
Without a ſtone to tell my name.

AN ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACHE,

(From vol. 4 of Burn's Poems.)

My curſe upon your venom'd ſtang,
That ſhoots my tortur'd gums alang,
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengence;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like recking engines.
When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic ſqueezes;
Our neighbour's ſympathy may eaſe us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell of all diſeaſes.
Ay mocks our groan!
Adown my beard the ſlavers trickle!
I throw the wee ſtools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To ſee me loup;
While raving mad, I wiſh a heckle
Were in their doup.
Of a' the monſtrous humandools,
Ill hearts, daft bargains, cutty ſtools
Or worthy friends rak'd in the mools,
Sad ſight to ſee!
The tricks o'knaves, or faſh o'fools,
Thou bear'ſt the gree
Where'er that place be prieſts ca' hell,
Whence all the tones of miſery yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell'
In dreadful raw
Thou, Tooth Ache, ſurely bear'ſt the bell,
Amang them a'!
O, thou grim, miſchief making chiel,
That jars the notes of *diſcord* ſqueel,
Till daft mankind aft dance and reel
In gore a ſhoe thick;
Gie a' the faes of Scotland's weal
A towmond's tooth ache.

ODE TO SICKNESS.

NOT to the roſy Maid, whom former hours,
Beheld me fondly covet, tune I now
The melancholy Lyre: No more I ſeek
Thy aid *Hygia!** ſought ſo long in vain.
But 'tis to thee, O *Sickneſs!* 'tis to *thee*
I wake the ſilent ſtrings, accept the lay:
Thou art no tyrant warring the fierce ſcourge
O'er unreſiſting victims—but a Nymph
Of mild though mournful mein;—upon whoſe brow
Patience ſits ſmiling, and whoſe heavy eye
Tho' moiſt with Tears, is always fix'd on Heaven.
Thou wrapp'ſt the World in gloom, but thou canſt tell
Of worlds where all is Sunſhine; and at length
When thro' this vale of ſorrow, thou haſt led
Thy patient ſuff'rers, cheering them the while
With many a ſmile of Promiſe, thy pale hand
Unlocks the Bowers of Everlaſting reſt:
Where Death's kind Angel waits to dry their tears
And crown them with his Amaranthine Flowers.

Yet I have known thee long! and I have felt
All that thou haſt of Sorrow.—Many a tear
Has fall'n on my cold cheek; and many a ſigh
Call'd forth by thee, has ſwell'd my aching breaſt:
Yet ſtill I bleſs Thee, O thou chaſtening Power,
For all I bleſs thee! Thou haſt taught my Soul
To reſt upon *itſelf*; to look beyond
The narrow bounds of Time, and fix its hopes
On the ſure baſis of Eternity.——
Meanwhile even in this tranſitory ſcene
Of what haſt thou depriv'd me? Has thy hand
Clos'd up the Book of Knowledge; drawn a veil
O'er the fair face of Nature; or deſtroy'd
The tender pleaſures of Domeſtic life?
Ah no! 'tis thine to call forth in the heart
Each better feeling; thou awakeneſt there
That unconfin'd *Philanthropy* which feels
For all the unhappy: that warm *Sympathy*
Which, caſting ev'ry ſelfiſh care aſide,
Finds its own bliſs in ſeeing others bleſt.——
That *Melancholy*,—tender yet ſublime
Which, feeling all the Nothingneſs of the Earth
Exalts the Soul to Heaven; and more than theſe,
That pure *Devotion* which, even in the hour
Of agonizing pain, can fill the eyes
With tears of exſtacy; ſuch tears perhaps
As Angels love to ſhed.——
Theſe are thy Gifts, *O Sickneſs!* Theſe to me
Thou haſt vouchſaf'd, and taught me how to prize,
Shall my Soul ſhrink from aught thou haſt ordain'd?
Shall I e'en envy the luxurious train
Around whoſe path Proſperity has ſtrew'n
Her gilded toys?—Ah! let them ſtill purſue
The ſhining Trifles; never ſhall they know
Such pure and holy pleaſures as await
The heart refin'd by ſuffering.—Not to them
Does Fancy ſing, her wild romantick ſong—
'Tis not for them, her glowing hand undraws
The ſacred veil that hides the Angelick world.
They hear not in the muſick of the wind
Celeſtial voices that in whiſpers ſweet
Call to the Flowers—the young and baſhful Flowers!
They ſee not, at the ſhadowy hour of Eve
Deſcending Spirits, who on ſilver wing
Glide thro' the Air, and to their Harps divine
Sing in ſoft notes the Veſper hymn of praiſe:
Or, pauſing for a moment, as they turn
Their radiant eyes on this polluted ſcene,
Drop on their Golden harps a pitying tear.—
Proſperity! I count thy gifts no more.
Nor *thine*, O fair Hygia! Yet to thee
I breathe one fervent prayer! attend the ſtrain.
If for my faded brow, thy hand prepare
Some future wreath; let me the Gift reſign.
Transfer the roſy garland; bid it bloom
Around the Temples of that Friend belov'd,†
On whoſe maternal boſom even now,
I lay my aching head! And as I mark
The ſmile that plays upon her ſpeaking face,
Forget that ever I have ſhed a tear.

* *The Goddeſs of Health.*

† *Mrs. Currie, of Boſton, Maſs.*

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